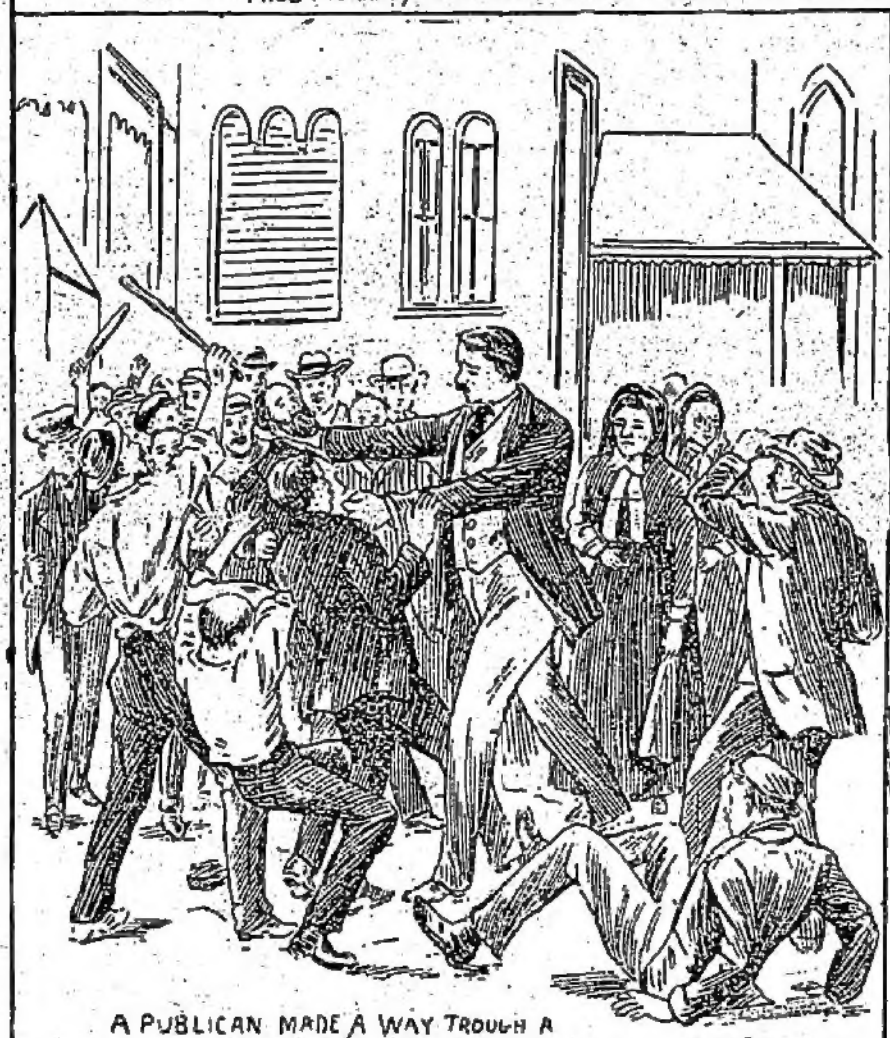
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 37. MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

MISS MURRAY ADDRESSING NATIVE WOMEN AT ELLICHPUR INDIA



A PUBLICAN MADE A WAY TROUGH A ROMAN CATHOLIC MOB AT COLOGNE for the LADY EVANGELISTS

MISS MURRAY FEEDING STARVING WOMEN & CHILDRER WITH A SPOON DURING THE FAMINE IN INDIA

THE LATE MISS MURRAY, EVANGELIST AND KURKU MISSIONARY.

The Story of a Consecrated Life.

MISS MURRAY, EVANGELIST.

Miss Murray says the 'Christian Herald,' has been recalled from a life which has left a mark, left traces of our Lord wherever she has been since the time of her conversion to God, at the first Keswick Convention, in the year 1875.

Charlotte Henrietta Catherine Murray was born at sea, on April 5, 1840, and was the daughter of Captain William Murray (second son of John Murray, of Murraythwaite, Dumfriesshire) and Sophia Lynn (daughter of Rev. James Lynn, Vicar of Crossthwaite, Keswick, and Charlotte Goodenough, daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle [1810]). Her earliest years were spent in Central India, where her father held an appointment in the Civil Service. When she was four years old, her father died, of Cholera, and she returned to Crossthwaite Vicarage with her mother, who subsequently married James Stanger, Esq., of Lairthwaite, Keswick, which became Miss Murray's home until June, 1879.

She was educated at a school near Worcester, which was afterwards removed to Great Malvern, and also at a school in London, where deep longings after God were awakened in her soul, and she wrote accordingly to her mother, saying, 'I feel such a wicked little girl; I want to know how to be good.' It was the custom in that school for the governess to read and correct the letters of her pupils, and on reading this one of Miss Murray's to her mother, she administered a severe scolding and a smart box on her ear, for daring to trouble her mother with such questions. For years after, the young girl felt as if she would never open her heart to anyone, and even tried to persuade herself that these inner longings after the living God were a delusion.

On leaving school she spent much of her time in reading the many well-chosen books on science and history which formed the Lairthwaite library, and also devoted many hours to music and painting. But amid these interests she was a most unselfish daughter, ever ready to put aside her work to help her mother. They travelled together on the Continent and elsewhere and Miss Murray's note-books were filled with sketches which she took on the way.

During her life at Keswick she taught in the Sunday-school, because it was a proper thing for her to do, and later on had a class of young women at her home. She was also instrumental in opening the first coffee-house at Keswick, called the 'Welcome.' She had a mothers' meeting, which was well

attended, and she undertook the cutting out and arranging of the work. About this time she became acquainted with Canon and Mrs. Harford-Battersby, and was thus brought into contact with the early days of the Keswick Convention. In 1879, at Mr. Stanger's death, she and her mother left Laithwaite, and not long after her mother died in London. How little she knew that in those forty years God had been preparing her for the life of usefulness to Him which followed! Her intellectual powers were remarkable, and her mind well stored. In natural history, as well as in the history of nations, it was not easy to find her at fault, and in languages she was also gifted. In business affairs, buildings, legal matters, etc., it was often said that had she been a man, she would have made her mark in any profession in which she might have engaged.

As soon as she was converted, at the age of thirty-five (and her conversion and consecration were simultaneous), she began to concentrate her remarkable powers on the Word of God. Bible after bible was filled with precious notes, enriched by a knowledge of the original languages, which she acquired with scarcely any help from others, and by her continual researches in ancient history and in works upon the Scriptures.

Thus, when her mother was taken from her, and she joined Mrs. M. Baxter in frequent and prolonged evangelistic tours in Germany, she was a precious and valuable co-worker. Many souls for the Master were the result of these labors, sometimes amid difficulties and no small danger—as for instance, during a stay of six weeks at Cologne, when the Roman Catholic mob threatened almost every evening to tear in pieces 'the beguins,' as they were called. A colossal man, a publican, who was the terror of the neighborhood, and who had been brought under the power of the Word, would fight a way for them through the angry crowd to enable them to leave the hall in which they held the meetings. Miss B. L. Haworth was also with them, and the three worked together in many places in Baden, the Rhine Provinces, and Prussia.

In 1882 Miss Murray and Mrs. M. Baxter opened a house for healing of the sick, which Miss Murray purchased, known as Bethshan (House of Rest), having previously had considerable correspondence with those whose hearts God had touched through articles in the 'Christian Herald' and other periodicals. In this work the Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Boardman joined them, and regularly conducted the meetings on Sunday evenings and on Wednesday afternoons. Miss Murray took charge of this house, in which the hand of God was signally manifested in remarkable conversions, deliverances, and healings of all manner of diseases. In the voluminous correspondence—sometimes seventy letters a day—during the ten years of service there, God gave Miss Murray a wide field of usefulness, as well as in personal interviews with people of all nations, who would visit Bethshan from time to time

The Word of God was her guide, and her sole aim and desire was that God should be glorified in her ministry, and souls brought to know Him. We can never tell in this earthly life how far He used her, but we know of those in Norway, Sweden, France, Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Denmark, Russia, Turkey, Spain, Italy, and Corsica who shall 'rise up and call her blessed.' And further afield still—in Africa, North, South, East, and West, and on to India, China, Japan, Australia, Canada, and to British Honduras, God has made her, by prayer, by word and pen, a 'blessing.'

Her addresses in Bethshan Hall (many of which are printed as booklets) were characterised by depth in the knowledge of God's Word, and at the same time faithful rebuke, simplicity, and tender love. With keen discernment of character, and sympathy for those whom she met, yet intensely jealous of her Master's interests, Miss Murray would often stand aside and appear distant, rather than be 'in the way' between a soul and God; but behind the scenes, those who knew her best can tell of prayer and trust in God for those who doubtless often thought her unmindful of them. To the poor she was a true friend, and they loved her. God also entrusted to her and her 'child in the faith,' Helen Watling, who lived and worked with Miss Murray in Bethshan for four years, a precious ministry among working men and women, specially the unemployed, in the neighborhood. Some of these were helped to emigrate, and many brought to know the Lord. Thus to the sick and sad, the tempted and the tried, our sister was a polished instrument in the hands of her Saviour.

In 1892, the Missionary Training Home having outgrown Miss Bernard's house next door, Miss Murray gave her house (formerly Bethshan) to the work, which now fills both, and sick people could no longer be received, although the meetings for healing continued to be held every Wednesday afternoon. Miss Muray's classes with the students at the Training Home were amongst the most helpful they have ever had. Old students often say they can never forget her opening up of Scripture: it was 'in the Spirit, and with the understanding also.'

The following year Miss Murray was taken seriously ill, but was raised up by the Lord sufficiently to pay a promised visit to Sweden. In February, 1894, she accompanied Pastor and Madame Stockmayer and Mrs. Baxter to America. In New York, Philadelphia, and other places in the United States and Canada, at the invitation of friends, they delivered messages which God had given them; and then proceeding to Japan, China, Ceylon, and India, further meetings were held. Miss Murray then stayed behind the rest of the party in India, hoping to visit all the stations of the Kurku and Central Indian Hill Mission with Rev. A. and Mrs. Muller, the superintendent and his wife; but this was not permitted by the Lord. Miss Murray was again taken very ill, this time with malarial fever, but again the Lord raised her up, and she was enabled to return to England.

FEEDING STARVING NATIVES IN INDIA.

Yet India was still upon her heart, and at the Keswick Convention of 1895 she was conscious God had called her thither. At the next Convention, on Aug. 1, 1896—the very day of the death of dear Mrs. Muller (the mother of the work in India)—Miss Murray, not knowing what was occurring there, had a clear conviction from the Lord that she had to go to India that autumn. And when the tidings reached England, it was to her only a confirmation of what had already passed between her and her God. In November she left England, and arrived in India just when the plague was raging in Bombay, and the famine was driving numbers of starving people to the missionaries.

Very soon she, as well as the other missionaries, was engaged in relieving the poor famished ones; feeding starving women and children—often with a spoon, when they were too weak to lift a hand. She would bathe and dress the wounds of starving lepers, and later, when the dear superintendent, Rev. A. Muller, broke down from over-pressure and was obliged to return to England, Miss Murray, by the grace of God, took charge of the mission. The strain of that year of famine must have been tremendous (four of our little band of missionaries died during this time, and three more had to return home), and the strength God gave His child was a wonder to herself and to all who knew her.

No longer young—she was fifty-eight last April—she would ride on horseback from one station to another, sometimes twenty-four miles in a day, often up steep mountain roads, and in the heat of India. If a missionary was ill, Miss Murray would set out, undertake the nursing, care for the baby, the cooking, the minding of the orphan children, or, it might be, the superintendence of building, etc., etc.—anything and everything that had to be done. Had she considered herself, and her failing strength, it would have been impossible; but she often said in her home letters, 'I want only the will of God; whatever He wants me to do, He will strengthen me for it.' It was very beautiful to see this powerful natural character made by His own hand lamb-like—this iron will simply lost in His. Truly the beauty of the Lord her God was upon her.

The last few weeks of Miss Murray's life were characteristic. Hearing in the middle of December that Mrs. Lewis's Eurasian nurse was ill with fever and delirious, that Mrs. L. had no one to help her with her baby, or with the forty-nine orphan boys, Miss Murray, though feeling exceedingly tired, rode up thirty-six miles on horseback, undertook the care of the sick girl, helped to nurse the baby, ironed out the little frocks, and finally brought the girl back with her to Ellichpur. Picture No. 1, shows Miss Murray addressing Hindu women at Ellichpur. Finding that Mrs. Charles, at Chikalda, had her hands overfull with the sixty-five orphan girls, Miss Murray wrote to Mary Cressall, her faithful servant, who was at Ellichpur, to go up to Chikalda and help Mrs. Charles. Thus it came to pass that when the day came for her long-anticipated move to Chikalda, where she had hoped to organize industrial work among the orphan girls, as she had done among the elder boys at Ellichpur, she had no one to help her in the packing. Thus on Friday, Jan. 13, Miss Murray spent the night in packing, all unaided, four garl-loads of goods for her tent on the hills, and she must have started with little if any sleep that night. A chill came on, so that she arrived on a broiling day, but shivering with cold, although enveloped in cloaks, shawls, and rugs. Fever followed, which increased alarmingly. She suffered much in the head, and from irregular action of the heart. On the Monday she felt so ill that she gave Mary Cressall her last commissions. Mr. Jackson was written for, and on the Tuesday a telegram reached him. He started at once, riding through the night, and arriving on the Wednesday morning, and he and Mr. Charles moved Miss Murray into Sunrise Cottage, as the tent was too draughty for her. She had looked forward to her sojourn at Chikalda as a time of greater rest and of communion with the Lord. She has now her heart's desire, but how far exceeding what she had thought!

Miss Richardson, of the Industrial Home, Tardeo, Bombay, arrived at Chikalda on Sunday evening, January 22, and she, Miss Bacon, and Mary Cressall were with Miss Murray at the last. She passed away at six p.m. on Wednesday, January 25. The last three days she had no pain, and was mostly unconscious, but recognised Miss R., and then only said now and then, 'So tired!' The end came very quickly at the last. Truly she had 'entered into rest.' She would not rest when the thought that by doing so others would be overstrained, but our God saw that it was enough; her work on earth was done.

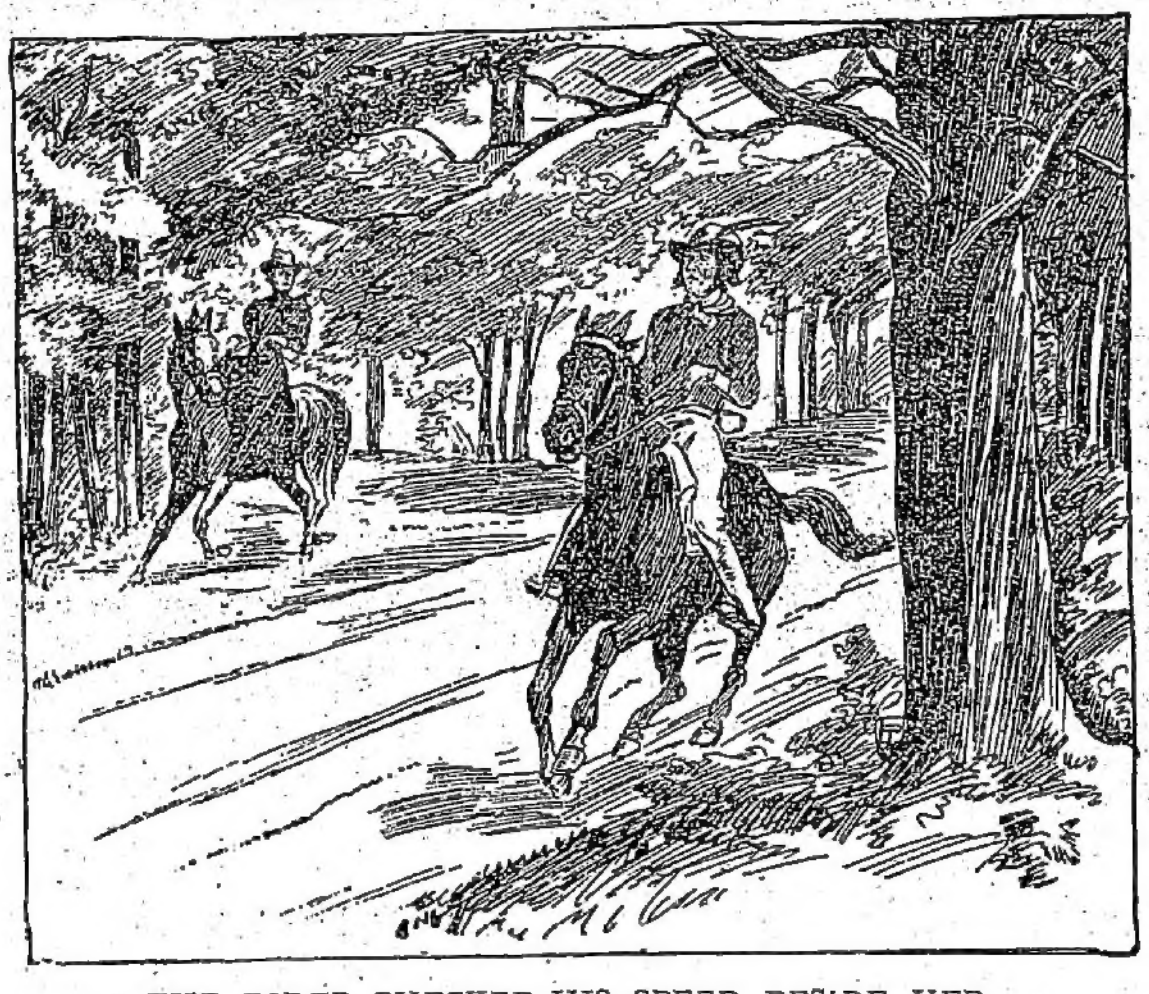
'Even so, father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'—'Christian Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Her Fellow-Traveller.

(By Mary B. Tyrrell, in 'Forward.')

Miss Annie Bradshaw has been a missionary teacher in the Indian Territory for many years. Her people, as she calls them, are from one of the civilized tribes, the Choctaws, in the south-east part of the Territory. They were brought there sixty years ago, by the United States Government, from their home in Mississippi, and are still settled there, having for their homes rude cabins set back in the woods away from main-travelled roads, and fields where they raise a few 'goobers' or peanuts, a little corn, and sometimes, if they are near a gin, a little cotton. They have a tribal government, modelled after that of the States, with a legislature, a set of officers—governor or principal chief, treasurer, and superintendent of schools; and a well-organized judicial system, though their courts only claim jurisdiction over the citizens of the tribe, including whites who have inter-married with the Indians.



THE RIDER CHECKED HIS SPEED BESIDE HER.

Miss Anne knows the peculiarities of her people well. Their state of morals is not just what it ought to be, she admits; but as she says, 'how about white folks?' The Indians's gravest fault is his love of whisky, and although the United States Government forbids the sale of liquor to the Indians, the trade goes on, and most of the crimes that give the Indians their bad name can be traced back to the white whisky-seller.

One Sunday in March Miss Anne had gathered her people together in the little school-house for their weekly religious service, a sort of Sunday-school where she acted as superintendent and teacher of all the classes. In the back seats were some young men, who had been her pupils in days past, and who now were her warm friends and most attentive hearers. Suddenly the door opened; a young drunken half-breed lurched in, revolver in hand, and, without giving the least warning, raised his weapon and shot David, one of the listeners, through the head. Miss Anne hurried to the poor victim, but he was quite dead before she reached his side. The murderer was seized by some of the congregation and hurried away; later he was taken into custody by a deputy sheriff, his trial was set for the first week in April, and Miss Anne was summoned as a witness.

There was so much lawlessness around Miss Anne that she was no longer startled by such incidents. She was grieved for poor David, who had been a favorite pupil of hers, and the unprovoked assault stirred her indignation; but her deepest wrath was aroused against the whisky-seller, a white outlaw from the States, on whom she fixed the responsibility for the crime. She told the deputy who brought her the summons to attend court that she would far rather go to the United States Court, at Fort Smith, to swear to the crimes of the real offender. But it was her duty to help the Indians uphold the dignity of their laws, so she prepared for her forty-mile ride to court.

Her cousin Mary had married another missionary, and it was her plan to make their home the half-way house, spend the night with them, and ride on next morning. So she left home one bright spring afternoon on her pony, old Don, who had served her for many years. After a rest over night in Mary's pleasant home, she rode on to court, reaching there before noon.

She found a crowd gathered. There were a number of cases to be tried, and it seemed to her that all the worst characters in that part of the Territory were here as prisoners, witnesses, or spectators. She spent the night in a Choctaw cabin, sleeping on the floor with one of the Indian babies and his two fat puppies snuggled up close beside her. Most of the visitors to court were camped in the neighborhood, but no drinking or gambling was allowed so all was quiet that night.

Next morning Miss Anne hunted up the judge, told him she must get home at once, and asked for an early hearing of the case in which she had been summoned. The judge, a venerable full-blood Choctaw, promised to help her, and so about ten o'clock he brought up the case. There were no lawyers on either side, but the witnesses were called by the judge to testify. Miss Anne and two other witnesses established the fact of the shooting by their testimony. There was no defense. The judge pronounced sentence on the murderer. He was to be shot in three weeks, but in the meantime was released to go home, set his affairs in order, and return at the appointed time to this same place to meet his fate. This is a Choctaw custom, and the condemned man makes it a point of honor to be on hand at the time set for his execution; so there is no expense in keeping up the jail, nor any record of jail deliveries.

There were a number of the prisoner's friends present, both white and Choctaw, and they cast some vindicative glances at Miss Anne, but made no other demonstrations of anger. She had had several opportunities to express her indignation against the liquor-seller from her settlement, and had expressed her intention of helping to hand him over to a United States marshal at her earliest opportunity. She knew that the man was in attendance on court, and she hoped that her words might reach his ears and frighten him into leaving that part of the country.

It was nearly two o'clock when she began her journey home, and she was enjoying fully her ride through the fragrant woods, when her meditations were interrupted by the quick hoof-beats of a galloping horse, and as she reined her horse to one side of the narrow road the rider came in sight and checked his speed beside her.

He was a young, full-blood Choctaw, well mounted and well armed. His dress was supposed to be civilized, but was adorned here and there with gay touches of savagery: A bright yellow flannel shirt, a red neckerchief and a long bright blue feather stuck in the band of his broad-brimmed hat testified to his love of color.

He showed no inclination to ride on, but tried to accommodate his pace to hers, so she addressed him in Choctaw. He responded with a nod and a grunt, but would say nothing more. Then she spoke to him in English, but he seemed even less disposed to conversation in that tongue, so she soon gave up her efforts and rode on in silence, wondering what it all meant. He evidently was a full-blood Choctaw, and so he must have understood her remarks in that language. Most of the young men of the tribe could talk English more or less. Why would he not speak to her?

It might be that he considered it beneath his dignity to talk with a woman. Miss Anne sometimes met such a prejudice; but he had sought her company for the ride, and that, according to Choctaw canons, was an act much more unconventional.

She could not believe that he meant to do her any harm, though he was fully armed, and on that lonely road through the wood and violence would have been easy. They must ride five or ten miles without seeing a house, perhaps not meeting a fellow-traveller. But even as the thought of her helplessness dawned upon her her companion smiled; and so frank and friendly was his smile that the rising terror in her mind quickly vanished, and her only feeling was a curiosity as to his motive in so persistently suiting his pace to hers and in riding beside her all these miles.

She stopped with her cousin Mary again that night. Her companion stopped his horse while she slipped from her pony, opened the heavy gate, and started up the lane to the missionary's house. Then with a farewell grunt, that was neither English nor Choctaw, he galloped on, and was lost from sight around the turn of the path.

The missionary and his wife could offer no explanation of the young Indian's strange conduct. His evident unwillingness to talk puzzled them, as it had puzzled Miss Anne.

but they agreed with her that there had been no reason for fear.

She started for home early next morning; a half-mile on her way she passed a smolering fire, and guessed that this was the camp where her strange companion had spent the night.

She had been riding nearly half an hour when she caught sight of him, riding slowly and looking back along the road. When he saw her he stopped and waited for her. Then as she came up with him, his horse resumed its canter; and so they rode on just as they had done the day before.

It was drawing on toward noon, and no word had been spoken between them, when Miss Anne came in sight of her cosy little cabin. It looked so cheery to her—for she was tired from her long, hard journey—that for a few moments she forgot herself and her surroundings in her meditations on 'home, sweet home.' Then, too late, she looked for her companion, but he was gone. She did not see him again, nor could she get any clue as to his identity.

Three years afterward Miss Anne was at a Choctaw camp-meeting—'Big meeting' they call it—and in obert William (or Billy, as he was commonly called), a young candidate for the ministry, she recognized her mysterious traveling companion, and he told her, in very good English, too, why he took that long ride with her. She tells the story thus: 'For five or six years Robert has been a student at the Mission School for boys, and is a well-educated and noble young man.

'He tells me he had been called up to court that April as a witness in a murder case, the shooting having happened while he was home on his Christmas vacation. He was hanging around court waiting to be called to the stand, when he heard me say that I wanted to put that whisky-seller in jail. My imprudent remarks reached the ears of the whisky-seller, and Robert heard him and some of his friends plan to shoot me while I was on my way home, to prevent my testifying.

'I had already left court when he heard this, and he knew of no way to warn me except to ride after me as soon as he could; but before he overtook me he happened to think that I might be scared if he told me why he came. So he rode with me all the way, till he saw me safe home; and he refused to talk for fear I might learn his secret from him.

'The men who were sent after me came up behind us just as I reached Mary's, but rode on, camped a few miles beyond, and waited for me there. But when I rode past next morning, and they saw I was not alone, they were afraid to shoot. A United States officer arrested the whisky-seller there at court for some of his many crimes, and he never troubled our settlement again.

'Robert said that after he left he rode hard, got back to court that same night, and had not been missed at all.

'He was very much embarrassed when I thanked him, and when I said, 'Why, Robert, what made you do so much for me?' he smiled in that reassuring way, 'You more good than whisky man for us Choctaws. I think I take care of you.'

'I do not doubt that he saved my life by his presence with me on that ride, and that mysterious silence of his saved me from a good deal of anxiety. I have been wondering if any thought of his own danger crossed Robert's mind. I asked him, and he fell into that sullen silence that I knew would be hard to break. In a minute he laughed and walked away.'

Surely, Miss Anne's travelling companion ought to make us think better of the capabilities of Indian character.

Finding the Book.

Mary E. Bamford writes this story for 'In His Steps':—

'I went to hear Mr. Walbeck, Sunday morning,' said Mrs. Gordon, as her visitor, Edna, reached the parlor door, on the way out into the hall.

'Did you?' returned Edna, giving a backward glance at a great, red, plush parlor-chair that added its cheerfulness to the bright carpet, the bronzes, and the lace curtains of the room. 'How did you like him?'

'He preached a real good sermon,' answered Mrs. Gordon. 'I liked him and his sermon, too. It was about "finding the book." He had that text, you know—something about the time they found the book in the temple, didn't they?'

'Yes,' answered Edna, 'you remember—the time they found the book of the law in the temple. King Josiah had the book read, afterwards.'

'Yes, that's it,' went on Mrs. Gordon, 'and Mr. Walbeck preached real well. He wanted to know if they had 'found the Book'—if the congregation had, you know. He said: 'Some of you might say, "Why, yes, I have a bible, one my mother gave me. It's in my trunk." Or you might answer: "Yes, I have one in the bay window at home." But Mr. Walbeck said, "If that's all you can say, you haven't 'found the Book.'"'

Mrs. Gordon's dark eyes were alive with her report of the sermon.

'And he said: "If you put off reading the bible, every day, until you are so sleepy and tired every night that you don't know what you are reading, you haven't 'found the Book.'". I've done that, haven't you, Edna? I've read a verse over and over, and my head would be so tired and sleepy that, by the time I'd read another verse, I'd forget what the first one was about. Haven't you?'

'Yes, sometimes,' answered Edna. 'I suppose a good many church members ought to read the bible more.'

She said 'Goodbye' to Mrs. Gordon and to her pretty, year-and-a-half-old girl whose curly head smiled from the parlor. Then Edna ran down the steps and out on the sidewalk. As she went toward home, the girl's face grew sober.

'Have you 'found the Book?'" her conscience asked her.

Edna frowned a little.

'Well,' said the girl to herself, 'at least I know enough about the bible so I wouldn't make such a mistake as Richard Hunter made the other Sunday in the bible class. The lesson was about the wise men who came from the East to Jerusalem, and about Herod's being troubled. Our teacher asked, 'which Herod was this?' And Richard Hunter answered, 'Well, it was not the Herod mentioned in the Old Testament.' Just as if any Herod were mentioned there! And Richard Hunter intends to be a minister. He has even preached a little bit, I believe. I should think he would better read the bible enough so he won't make such mistakes as that, in the pulpit! The teacher of our bible class knew better, I'm sure, but I suppose he didn't want to hurt Richard's feelings—he's grown up to be quite a man, now—and so the teacher never corrected that answer at all, and I suppose Richard, to this day, thinks that there is a Herod mentioned in the Old Testament! If it were a book that Richard didn't have, and couldn't afford to buy, that he made such a mistake about, it would be different, but one does expect a young man who is going to be a minister to know more about the bible than that!'

'And you,' persisted her conscience, as the animation produced by her recollection of Richard's mistake passed away, 'have you "found the Book?"'

Edna's eyes followed the lines of the cement sidewalk.

'A while ago'—she continued her soliloquy—'our bible class was without a teacher; so Mr. Butler taught it that Sunday, and as he was talking along, he spoke about the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. And he was expatiating upon the subject in his usual voluble style, and he said he presumed that it was muddy walking after the waters were divided! I looked at Mrs. Clark. She was sitting right next me in the class. She must have known about the mistake, I know, but she's so discreet a person she wouldn't show any astonishment in her face. 'I just turned back in my bible to see if I wasn't right in my thinking, and I found the place—"And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground." "But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left." I just longed to read that out loud, but Mr. Butler was going on talking, talking, and I knew he'd out-talk most anybody, and I couldn't have said anything without interrupting him, so I kept still. But a man ought to know his bible better than that, if he is going to undertake to teach a bible class, even for one Sunday. The idea of the children of Israel walking in the mud!'

Edna smiled.

'You know better than that, because you had read that passage, often, when you were a child,' rejoined the inward voice. 'How much would you know if you depended on the hasty way in which you read the bible now? Have you "found the Book?"'

Had she? A swift vision came before Edna of the hurried way in which she always read the bible now. She did not wholly omit reading, usually. A few times the days had been so filled with other things that she had forgotten her bible altogether. But she had felt guilty, and had not meant to do that again. Yet this other matter of reading hurriedly, almost impatiently at times, had not seemed to impress her as so very hurtful.

There was always something else she wanted to be doing. She would read a few verses with her mind half on other things—the way she meant to make or, trim a dress, the reading of a story presently, the writing of a letter. She had time enough to read her bible quietly, only she had formed a habit of having a hurried feeling while she was reading that book. It is a lesson in one's own fallibility to notice how quickly one can form such a habit. Edna hardly realized it. And yet, coming face to face with the question, she hardly dared to say that she had 'found the Book.'

'I should think,' murmured Edna, a little annoyed at the persistence with which the question followed her, 'that I had gone to hear Mr. Walbeck's sermon myself, instead of having had it reported to me! I declare next Sunday afternoon, I'll sit down and read two chapters in the bible! May be I'll read three. I really must not neglect it so.'

And with a feeling of relief in her new resolution, Edna dismissed the subject from her mind. The next Sunday, however, was several days away, and when Sunday afternoon came a friend called, and Edna did not read her chapters. She did not even remember them.

And so, imperceptibly to herself, the soul-

starving habit of neglecting her bible grew upon her. She had not yet 'found the Book,' in the truest, dearest meaning of that phrase. Perhaps, some time in the future years, driven by anxieties, she might learn to say—

'Grieved and lonely, and weary,
Unto the Book I come,'

and might learn to testify

'And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.'

But now, in the bright, young days of her life, she did not take pains to know that Book. And yet the 'sword of the Spirit' is 'the Word of God.' How should she fight life's battles without that sword?

Josephus long ago boasted of the Jews that 'if anyone asked one of his nation a question respecting their law, he could answer it more readily than give his own name; for he learns every part of it from the first dawn of intelligence till it is graven into his very soul.' 'Do we Christian know our Book that way? Are we not inefficient sometimes because we know so little? God help us all to 'find the Book!'

The First and Last Experiment.

I had long promised to pay a visit to a friend in the country, but year after year this visit had been postponed. At last, in a season remarkable for almost tropical heat, I managed early in September, to leave home cares and duties behind me for a time, and took my place in the railway train for D——. I entered at the terminus in a large town, in the midst of bustle, clamor, and confusion, and after passing through a long stretch of varied scenery, I stepped out at a quiet country station, where Mr. Graham, my friend's husband, met me with a conveyance and a hearty welcome. It was a delightful change from the noise and stir to which I had been so long accustomed. Masses of wood beginning to shade into the many hues of autumn were all around, while rugged, scarred hills shutting in the view in one direction were brightened by the afternoon sun, and varied by light and shade, as fleecy clouds passed over them. Mr. Graham had a large farm. A belt of plantation protected by a wall inclosed a few grass parks, the garden, and houses. Everything was in beautiful order, but as we drove on I saw Mr. Graham's eye catch a gap in the wall which seemed to discompose him.

'Do you notice that public-house by the roadside?' he said. 'I fear, judging by that broken bit of wall, which I would say is a short cut to ruin, that my servants pay it too frequent visits, but it is not an easy thing to prevent it, and there are some of them, too, who have grown up on the place here with my own sons. I don't like it; one never knows what young people will do till they are tried.'

By this time we had arrived at the house, where I had some trouble in recognising my early school companion in the mother of five children; but so it was, as two tall boys and three girls, all claiming her as their mamma, sufficiently proved. Our meeting was a happy one, although both had known many trials since our last.

After a week or two of my visit had passed very pleasantly away, I was one evening writing letters in the dinning-room, all having gone for a walk but the two boys, Charles and James, who were busy preparing their lessons for school. They were respectively fifteen and thirteen years of age. I had not been so long in the house without noticing a marked difference in their character. James had little or no imagination—all he had, at any rate, seemed to be used up in looking at what might be the consequences of his actions. He was almost painfully cautious. 'If I do this, what then?' seemed like an instinct with him. You felt, here is one who will never rashly speculate or spend his time in experiments or go on forlorn hopes. His brother was a striking contrast to him; full of impulse, he would have dashed into any rash enterprise for the mere sake of the excitement and as for experiments, he would have rejoiced in making the first trial of nitrous oxide with Davy, or chloroform with Simpson. Nothing had been heard for some time in the room but the turning of the leaves of the dictionary. I suppose my presence in a distant corner of it had been forgotten, when, suddenly, Charles threw down his book, saying,

'Look here, James, these Greek poets are always praising the juice of the grape; after all it is a stupid thing for papa to be a total abstainer and want us to be the same. I would like to have a turn with that jolly old fellow Bacchus, if it were only for the fun of the thing.'

'Now, Charles,' replied James, 'how can you say so? Upon the whole, I think the Spartans were the most sensible people in these old far back times, and do you know, I think papa had the Helot experiment in his head when he sent me a message to Baillie Miller's the other day—at least the servant managed to make it so. She showed me into the dining-room where there was a large party of gentlemen enjoying their wine, a considerable time after the ladies had left them. You know I have not, like you, quite lost my organ of veneration, and when I used to see these men in their offices, or meet them in the street, with their business or professional faces, I felt rather awed, but now I don't know how I can ever meet them without laughing. Most of them had a peculiar hazy look which I can't well describe, and talked in a way which, even to me, seemed downright nonsense: I can tell you I felt it quite a relief when I got again into the fresh open air with the bright moon shining overhead.'

Charles did not seem at all impressed; he only remarked, 'I wish papa had sent me, I should like to see something of that kind. I have a good mind to try an experiment myself; I have no doubt I could just hit the exact moment when to stop.'

Here the door bell rang, some of the rest of the family came in, and the conversation ended.

Next day was one of the loveliest of the season; the boys announced at breakfast that they had a holiday. Mr. Graham asked James to drive him to the house of a friend with whom he had some business to transact which would likely detain him for the day. Charles said he would take a stroll round the farm. Dinner was to be late, so after breakfast, I set out with a book to spend some hours in the woods.

After a long ramble I returned to the house. There seemed to be an unusual bustle, and a servant, who met me in the lobby, hurriedly asked me if I had heard what had happened.

'Master Charles had been found lying in the field dead,' was her startling news, 'and had just been brought in.'

Shocked as I was, I still hoped that there might be some exaggeration. I ran upstairs; Mrs. Graham met me.

'You have heard—he is still living—we have sent for the doctor.'

'How did it happen?' I said.

'I fear—I can scarcely say——

Here poor Mrs. Graham's composure gave way; her mother's feelings were too much even for her powers of control, which were not small; but recovering herself soon she added,

'I cannot stay here, we expect the doctor every minute; will you come in and see the poor fellow?'

I did, and what a sight! He had been placed in bed; his face was like death, his eyes closed, he appeared almost rigid—how different from the gay, handsome-looking boy I had parted from in the morning. The doctor now arrived. After examining his patient—Mrs. Graham having gone out for something required at the time—he turned to me and said,

'How did this happen? The boy is suffering from the effects of whiskey.' I had suspected this. I remembered what I had heard Charles say about trying an experiment, and I had guessed that it had been tried, and that this was the result. I asked,

'Is there danger?'

'Oh, great danger,' was the reply, 'but we must use every means, and if we can only rouse him he is safe.'

Mrs. Graham was soon aware of the state of the case, but to have seen the active and self-possessed way in which she aided the doctor, you could not have guessed what she did say to me, 'This is the sorest trial I ever had.'

I knew how much that implied. She had lost several children by death; she had told me how she watched them, day and night, till hope had died away, and how, when past all human help, she had seen them look imploringly to her, as if she who had been their comforter through all their little span of life was surely failing them now in their sore need. At the time she had thought nothing could exceed that; but what were such trials compared with the agony of this hour, the thought that this might be her boy's last sleep, that she would have to part with him in a state like this. But God in mercy heard her prayers. After a long and energetic use of all the means in their power, the deadly stupor was broken, and the doctor, turning to Mrs. Graham, said,

'Your son is saved, he will get over this now.'

The revulsion was too much for her, she had to leave the room; 'her son had been lost, and he was found.'—'League Journal.'

The Elixir.

(And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord. Col. 2: 23.)

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean.
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

Led by a Child.

(By Helen White, in English Sunday School Times.')

'And a little child shall lead them.'

It was the month of February, with the snow falling in large flakes, whirled hither and thither by the cold north wind, when Pastor James, one afternoon at four o'clock, returned to the manse close by Salem Chapel from visiting his flock, scattered over a wide area of hill and dale, forming a wild and romantic district in the North of England. Having divested himself of his big overcoat, hat, and leggings, he entered his little study at the further end of the house, overlooking the river which flowed past the manse garden adjoining. Without all was cold, deary, and cheerless; within there was every appearance of comfort and cheeriness. Wearied and faint with the exertions of his pastoral work, he quietly laid himself down on the couch close by the cheery fire.'

Mrs. James, who had been busy all the afternoon writing a serial story for one of the magazines circulated in the district, laid aside her writing material on the appearance of her husband, saying, 'Well, dear, I hope you are done for the day; I am sure you must be thoroughly exhausted after all those hours of visitation among the sick and afflicted.'

'Yes, Mary, I am; but there is, I am sorry to say, every appearance of the epidemic increasing. Dr. Muir told me to-day he had seven new cases and two deaths yesterday; and he was on his way to the village of Garstang, where he was afraid it was making its appearance.'

'How did you find old Betsy?'

'Ah, Mary,' said Pastor James, 'she seems to be sinking, but I found her calm and cheerful. She said, with a smile on her face, 'I am wearying to get home; my journey has been a long one, but I am patiently waiting to be carried over in the 'King's ferry-boats' across the mystic Sea of Death.'"

'She is one of the most intelligent and matured Christians I have visited,' said Mrs. James.

'Yes, Mary, I always come away from that obscure little cottage much blessed. I read at her own request Psalm xxiii. When I came to the words, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," she said, softly, 'Ah, that's it, Thou, Thou, with me, with me," which she repeated again and again, her face beaming with a hallowed joy'

'Well, dear,' said Mrs. James, 'I am sure you are ready for tea, you look so fatigued.'

Just then the door-bell rang, and Maggie, the servant came, saying, 'Please, ma'am, there is a man at the door wants to see the master.'

'Who is it, Maggie?' asked Pastor James.

'I think it is Mr. Macdonald ,the shepherd from the upper hamlet,' said Maggie. 'He says his little daughter Eva is very ill.'

'Tell him to come in, Maggie,' said Mrs. James.

'He can't, ma'am, he has the horse and trap to drive the master back.'

'Oh, then tell him I will be with him in a few minutes,' said Pastor James. 'Now, my dear, just get me a cup of tea or cocoa and biscuits,' said Mr. James to his wife.

In a few minutes Pastor James was on his way to Newbury, a small hamlet four miles distant from the village of M——, where Pastor James had resided for over twenty years. It was a cold and dreary drive; the snow was still falling, and the north wind very keen and penetrating. The Macdonalds had long resided in the district, and were much respected. There were four brothers all married and doing well. Thomas had one little daughter, Eva, aged nine, the idol of her father's heart, who now lay at the point of death. Thomas was not like his brothers, who were men of a deeply religious nature, and did excellent work as local preachers in connection with the Wesleyans. Thomas attended the Congregational church occasionally of which Mr. James was minister, and little Eva belonged to the Christian Endeavour Society in connection with the branch Congregational Chapel in Newbury. Macdonald took little interest in the work of the little Bethel, held himself aloof from religious work of all kinds, occupying his mind more with the things of the world, and year by year he was drifting more and more into the whirlpool of worldliness.

After a cold and dreary drive they arrived at the Macdonalds' home, where they were welcomed by the mother of little Eva.

'It's a sair trial this, Mr. James,' said Mrs. Macdonald; 'our wee lammie is far spent, and I am afraid she will hardly pull through.'

'As long as there is life there is hope,' said Pastor James.

'True, sir,' replied Mrs. Macdonald, 'but the licht o' hope is very dim.'

'Has Dr. Muir been to-day?' asked Mr. James.

'Yes; he called on his way to Garstang, but gave us very little hope; it would be a hard struggle, he said, to pull through. She is so far spent and takes so little nourishment.'

Very soon Pastor James found himself by the bed of the little patient. She had just wakened out of a few hours' refreshing sleep, and seemed much better, although there was a languid look about the eyes.

'Well, Eva, my dear, how are you?' asked Mr. James.

'Oh, sir, I feel so weary, weary,' she said softly. 'Will you read about the many mansions?'

'Yes, dear. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also."'

'Yes,' murmured Eva, 'He will come again.'

'Do you wish him to come again, Eva?' said Mr. James.

'Me hope he will come soon and take me home,' said Eva, softly.

'There is no night of sickness nor weariness in heaven, Eva,' was Pastor James's reply.

'I am so weary, weary; no be weary there,' murmured Eva.

'My darling,' said her mother.

She smiled. Suddenly her countenance changed, and we thought she had gone, but were relieved by seeing a beautiful smile, like a little sunbeam, light up her countenance. Opening her lips she feebly said, 'O, me thought I was there.'

'Where, my child?' said her mother.

'Hark!'

We all bent down to listen.

'Hark, they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.'

Just then the bedroom door opened, and daddy entered as the words 'Come away,' like a summer zephyr, were wafted to his ear.

'Where, my darling?' asked the distracted father.

'Many mansions, Daddy,' said Eva, softly. 'Daddy,

Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.'

Gathering all her remaining strength, she said feebly, 'Sing, sing, Mr. James, 'Shall you, shall I.'' In a clear, tender voice, thrilled with emotion, Pastor James sang the favorite hymn very softly—

'Some one will enter the pearly gate,
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?
Taste of the glories that there await,
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?'

'Daddy, shall you, sh——' and the gate opened and she passed in.

Pastor and parents in the presence of death knelt in silence before God, and then passed quietly out.

* * * * *

Many weeks after we had laid little Eva to rest in the old burying-ground by the side of the hill, Pastor James sat in his study deeply absorbed in his subject for the following Sunday. It was one of those spring mornings that always remind one of the words of the Psalmist: 'Thou renewest the face of the earth.' All Nature was pulsating with life. Pastor James looked up. The view that met his gaze was charming. The apple and pear-trees were covered with blossom, the thrush and blackbird were making the air melodious, while the river went murmuring by. A voice he seemed to hear. He had often heard it before—the voice of inspiration!

'Arise, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

He arose, lifted down his hat, and went out into the garden across the little wooden bridge which spanned the river, and entered a shaded grove which led into a sheep path that led across the hills to Newbury. The air was soft and balmy; verdure, fragrance, and beauty were everywhere. It was a time that peculiarly appealed to the soul of a devout Christian, reminding him of the goodness and beneficence of the great Creator, and Pastor James felt it that spring morning as he walked across Nature's green fields and up the grassy slopes. Turning round one of the hilly slopes, he was accosted by an old friend, Peter Macarthur, one of the oldest local preachers in the Methodist Connexion—a very eccentric man, but very popular at chapel anniversaries and harvest festivals.

'Good morning, Pastor James,' said Peter; 'have you heard the news, sir, about Thomas Macdonald?'

'No, Peter; I hope it is good news. I have not seen the Macdonalds since last Sunday week.'

'Well, sir, it is good news indeed. Thomas has been attending our special service held the last ten days in Newbury, and last night before we closed the meeting he died.'

'Dear me, Peter, that was sad. I thought you said the news was good news?'

'And so it is, sir,' said Peter.

'Well, Peter, you do puzzle me. How could such an event be called good news,' said Pastor James.

'Well, you see, Thomas has lang held aloof from religious services and religious work, but since the wee lassie's death he has been sairly upsit, and hasna been himsel ava. Last night he was in the meeting, and was much impressed by what our preacher said; but it wasna the preacher that did it, it was the singing at the close

of the sermon. The minister said Miss Watson would sing a solo by request, and so she sang softly and maist tenderly:

Some one will enter the pearly gate,
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?

and Thomas Macdonald fairly broke doon, and before we left old Thomas Macdonald died and new Thomas was born; as he said, "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, 'old things have passed away, and all things have become new.'"

'Well, Peter, that is good news, and a novel way of speaking of conversion. How truly, Peter,' said Pastor James, 'the old promise has been verified, "And a little child shall lead them."'

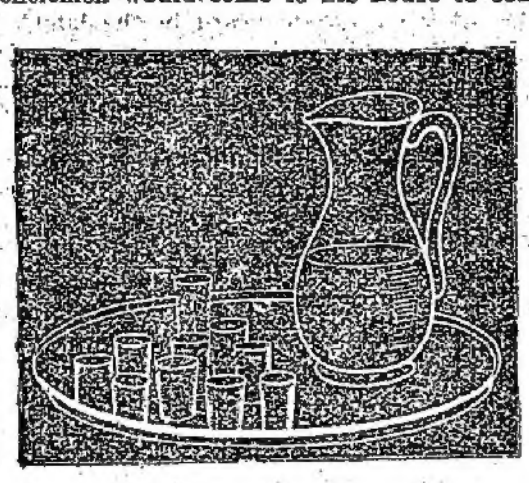
'Just what Thomas Macdonald said at the end of the inquiry meeting,' replied Peter Macarthur. 'In giving his testimony he said that if ever there was a man led to the Father by the grace of God through his wee lassie that man was Thomas Macdonald, of Newbury.'

'How true,' repeated Mr. James, "led by a child."'

Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

(By Mrs W. F. Crafts, in 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

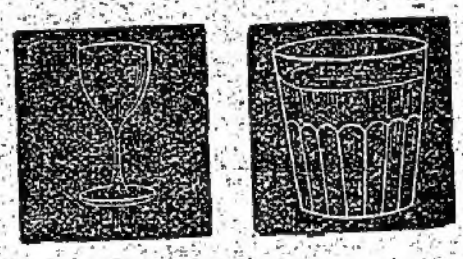
This is intended to be an historical picture, boys and girls. I mean by this that it is a picture of something that actually happened. There is connected with it a story that should help every one of us to be braver and truer friends of temperance all our lives. The great Abraham Lincoln is the hero of the story. He had been nominated for President of the United States, and he was told that a company of gentlemen would come to his house to con-



gratulate him. It was suggested that he would be expected to give them some kind of liquor to drink. 'I haven't any in the house,' he answered. And then they offered to send him some. 'No,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I cannot allow you to do what I will not do myself.' It is said that several gentlemen sent baskets of wine to Mr. Lincoln's home, but he returned them all with thanks for their intended kindness.

At last the day came for the gentlemen to call. When his parlors were full, he called for a servant to come, and Mr. Lincoln told her in a low tone of voice what he wanted her to do. Presently she came back bringing a waiter on which was a large pitcher filled with water and many glasses. When it was placed on the table Mr. Lincoln said: 'Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring.' And then he touched it to his lips and others did the same.

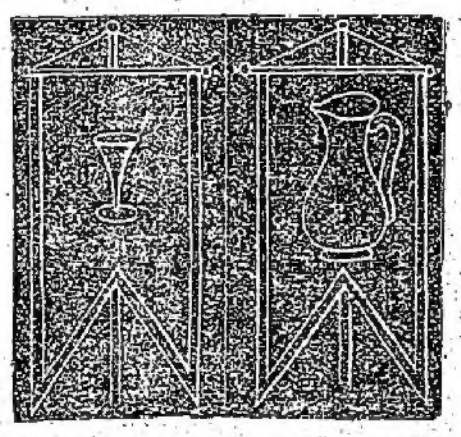
The story does not tell us what the gentlemen said about it; but they must have honored Abraham Lincoln a great deal more for being true to his principles than if he had given them wine.



Wine or Water, which do you choose?

You will surely have to choose boys and girls some day which you will offer to your friends, so which will you take.

You had better be getting ready now to make your answer. When Abraham Lincoln was a boy before he had ever tasted a drop of liquor, he made up his mind that he never would do it. I hope that some of you, if not all of you, have already made up your minds that way. If you have not, you do not need to wait another day, but you can do it now.



Under which banner will you enlist?

If you enlist under the wine banner, you will belong to the army that loses at least 60,000 men every year.

If you enlist under the other banner, you will belong to the great cold water army that never has a list of casualties to report. What do you say then? Which is the beverage to be used in drinking to the health of any one?

WINE? WATER!

The Snake Among the Books

'I want that copy of Darce's "Memoirs," muttered Captain Meredith, as he rose from his lounging chair on the veranda and sauntered in. 'Whew! how hot it is!'

The punkahs, or fans, were plying busily, but still the hot Indian atmosphere remained oppressive beyond words. Captain Meredith entered his library and glanced across one book shelf after another.

'Ah, here it is!' he said to himself, as he reached up and attempted to remove a volume. But it was too tightly wedged between two big books to be easily dislodged. Captain Meredith gave a harder jerk, and, that failing, grasped one of the big books and pulled it out first, to make room for removing the one he wanted.

As he moved this larger volume he felt a sudden, though slight pain in his finger, like the sharp prick of a pin.

'Some careless person has stuck a pin in this cover,' he muttered, turning the book round and examining it. Just between the cloth cover and the back he detected a slight movement, and dashing the book to the ground, a small but dangerous snake became dislodged from its hiding place, and reared its deadly head. With one stamp of his military boot Captain Meredith crushed the life out of the venomous reptile, and returned to the veranda to tell the incident to his 'chum' and brother officer, Major Greely, of the 7th——, just as 'tiffin' was announced.

But even while sitting at the luncheon Captain Meredith felt a stinging sensation in his right arm, and perceived his finger beginning to swell.

'What can be the matter with my hand?' he said. Then he remembered his experience with the books. 'I'd forgotten that prick!' he exclaimed turning rather pale. 'Can it be possible that the reptile bit me?'

It was too terribly true. By the evening his arm had swollen greatly, and, later on, his whole body; and in spite of every medical skill and care, in a couple of days he was dead.

How terrible the story sounds! And how little he had suspected the danger that lurked among his favorite books! How he would have fled from the fatal spot had he only known that a snake, dangerous unto death, lay hidden there!

There are many 'snakes among the books' now. In books for boys, in books for girls, in books for the people. Look at them! they are coiled under gilt covers; they nestle among well-printed pages and pretty, attractive pictures. See! one is there—its name is 'An Infidel Scoff;' here is another—'An Impure Suggestion;' a third—'A Half-Veiled Blasphemy.' Boys, be careful! Don't let your soul be stung. Such a little thing—a word, an inuendo, a half-sentence—yet it is full of deadly venom, and the poison is quickly planted! Then comes the story of a ruined soul—the loss of faith, the loss of respect, the loss of self. How did it all come about? Ah! because 'there was a snake among the books.'—'English Papers.'

A Little Word.

('New Orleans Picaynue.')

Ah me, these terrible tongues of ours,
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
Do we ever think of the sorrow and pain
Some poor tortured heart has to live o'er again,
When some light-spoken word—though forgotten to-morrow—
Brings back to a life some past shame or sorrow?
What names have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only a little word.

A sneer, a shrug, or a whisper low,
They're the poisoned shafts of an ambushed bow.
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
They pierce the mail of the great and brave.
Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride
To turn the pitiless point aside.
The lips may curl with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while.
Ah me, what hearts have been broken,
What pestilent sinks been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a little word.

A kindly word and a tender tone,
Only to God are their virtues known;
They can bring the proud with abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead.
The heart close-barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portals wide;
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will melt in a fountain of child-like tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a little word.

Muriel.

THE STORY OF A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

('Young Soldier.')

Daddy was away—to Muriel it seemed he always had been away. Muriel was only five, and for more than two long years she and her mother had watched and waited in vain for the letter that never came.

Baby though she must have been, Muriel had a dim memory of the morning when father went away. She remembered how mother cried and father's face was grave and stern at their little breakfast table that morning. Muriel could not understand what was the matter, and ate her bowl of porridge in wondering silence. She could not understand why father held her so tight when he kissed her good-bye, nor why he seemed so hurt because, in a fit of of childish petulancy, she did not want to kiss him. Then he had gone away and mother and Muriel had watched him till he turned the corner of the street to the railway station.

THE LONG LOOKED FOR LETTER.

Ever since that day there had only been mother and Muriel in the little cottage. Muriel had not been old enough to miss her father much, but in an undefined way she felt that her mother was often lonely and sad, and tried in her childish way to comfort her. Muriel's mother was more than sad—she was very, very poor; and to keep the little cottage and Muriel dressed and fed meant very, very hard work for her. All day at the wash-tub she had to toil to keep the home together.

Muriel's father was not a bad man, but he had been very unfortunate in business. It was in the hopes of bettering his prospects that he had left home and emigrated across the sea. He had hoped after a few months being able to either send the money for his wife and child to join him, or else coming back himself with the gold that was to set him up in life. For it was to the gold-diggings that Muriel's father had gone. But two years had gone by and no word had come. Muriel's mother was heart-sick with hope deferred. She could not believe her husband dead, yet, if he were alive surely he would have written.

The next thing that happened in Muriel's child-life was the coming of the Salvation Army to the town. Muriel liked the bright uniform, and the bright faces, and the bright music very much. She was delighted when her mother took her to an Army meeting. Muriel laughed and enjoyed herself very much. She could not understand what it was that made her mother cry. Then the Army Captain came to see them—such a nice, gentle-faced lady she was—and Muriel's mother told her all her troubles. The Captain promised to write to the Army headquarters to see what they could do through the 'War Cry' to find Muriel's father. Then the Captain had gone away, but before she left she knelt with Muriel's mother and Muriel in the little cottage parlor, and prayed the most beautiful prayer that Muriel had ever heard. Muriel could not understand quite all of it, but she knew what the Captain meant when she said, 'Bless Muriel's father, and bring him safe home soon.'

It was some weeks afterwards, when Muriel was sitting on the floor playing with her dolly, and which she had named 'Cappy,' after her friend, the Army Captain, while mother was washing up their few breakfast dishes, that the postman came through the garden gate and put a letter in mother's hand.

Muriel looked up with surprise, for her mother had sunk down on the chair by her side with a cry of joy, and kissed the envelope before she opend it. 'It's from Daddy, darling,' said Muriel's mother. Then she unfolded the sheet and read what her husband said. It told how he had been very ill—too ill to write for months—and that it was while he was in that far-away hospital near the Australian gold fields that the Army officers had found him out. Then he told how good they had been to him, blessing him spiritually and helping him temporally, and how that through their kindness he was coming home by the next boat, for he was already nearly well.

Then came a very eventful time in Muriel's life. All was hurry and bustle until the day when Daddy came home. What a time that was when the bronzed traveller, gaunt

and thin still, but Daddy all the same, came through the open cottage door. Muriel was shy at first, but by degrees she got braver and sat on father's knee while he told all that had happened to him since he left. He had not come back a rich man, but with sufficient money to start in a little business of his own, and best of all, with the joy of the real heart-salvation, which he had found in the Australian hospital, shining in his face.

By-and-by the captain came in, and Muriel was in great glee—showing her very own Daddy to her friend.

'I guess, Captain,' she said, as she sprang off her father's knee to give the Army lassie a hug, 'it was that prayer you said with me and mother, that brought my Daddy home.'

Charlie's Photograph.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Richardson, 'I don't know what in the world to do with Charlie to break him of his careless and slovenly habits.'

'Why, what has he been doing now?' asked Mr. Richardson.

'Oh, he is so untidy about making his toilet. He puts the hairbrush in the water and leaves it till it is soaking wet. When he comes in from his play for dinner he puts a little soap and water on his face and then wipes it off on the towel. What shall I do? Here he has left almost a picture of his features in dirt on this clean towel.'

Mr. Richardson made no reply, but going to the attic, he soon returned with a long, narrow picture-frame, which once upon a time had been used to inclose a panel picture. Measuring, he found that the towel would almost fit it, and, taking a few tacks, he cleverly fastened it to the back of the frame, and then, going to his desk, he wrote this placard:

'Charlie's Photograph.'

This he fastened to the bottom of the frame, and then hung the whole up on the wall right beside the washstand. Then Mrs. and Mr. Richardson watched the next time Charlie went to wash his face. He rushed breathlessly into the room as usual. They heard him splash in the water for an instant, and then there was a moment's pause, as though he were searching for the towel. Next they heard a low exclamation of surprise, and presently he came out of the room very much ashamed. He hung his head sheepishly during the entire meal, but after it was over said in a low tone: 'Mamma, if you will please take my photograph down from the wall, I'll promise you not to wash any more in that way.'—Author Unknown.

Why He Would Not Go.

Freddie is a member of the Loyal Temperance Legion, and is present at every meeting. Near his home is a carpenter's shop, where he loves to go after school and watch the men work with plane and saw. He thinks he will be a carpenter when he grows up. Some of the men, I am sorry to say, drink beer, and not only want it at noon time with their lunch, but in the afternoon also. They often ask Freddie to go and

buy the beer for them, but he always refuses. One day one of the men said, 'You are not a very obliging little boy. You are unkind and lazy not to go and get our beer.'

Then Freddie gave this reply:

'I am not lazy. I want to help the people all I can. I cannot buy your beer for you because I am a temperance boy. I will go on any other errand for you, but I will never buy any beer.'—'National Advocate.'

Gum and Missions.

It is said that at the present rate of raising money in America for missions, it would take four years to raise as much as is spent in one year in the same country for chewing gum! Would it not be good for both America and the heathen, if the former would chew less and give more? A few years ago it was estimated that the United States spent $22,000,000 a year for chewing gum and only $8,000,000 for foreign missions. Such figures speak for themselves.—'Episcopal Recorder.'

I Have Closed My Book.

I have closed my books, and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate;
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadows wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies tumble like falling stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel more dull than these,
For he only learns in all the weeks
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.

—Katherine Lee Bates.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 24.

Review.

Hosea, Daniel, Ezekiel, Ezra, Haggai, Zechariah.

Golden Text.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'—Psa. xxxiv., 7.

Lesson Hymn.

O Israel, return, return
  Unto the Lord thy God;
Iniquity hath caused thy fall
  Turn, Israel, to the Lord.

He'll heal thee, sinsick Israel,
  His love He'll freely give;
His anger shall be turned away,
  O look, believe and live.

As dew revives the thirsty ground,
  Thou shalt be comforted;
The lily and the olive tree
  Shall root, and grow, and spread.

And thou shalt say, O Epuraim
  From all thine idols free,
Lo! I have heard Messiah's voice
  Where I was blind I see!

—A. A. Pollard.

LESSON I.—Hosea xiv., 1-9.

1. How does God speak to those who have wandered away from Him?
2. Need we trust in our own good works to save us?
3. Why did the Israelites need this message?

LESSON II.—Daniel i., 8-21.

1. What king carried Daniel and his companions into captivity?
2. What request did Daniel make to the chief steward?
3. How did God show his approval of Daniel's conduct?

LESSON III.—Dan. iii., 14-28.

1. Give the story of the three Hebrew friends.
2. Give the reasons for their actions.
3. What was the result of their loyalty to Jehovah?

LESSON IV.—Dan. v., 17-31.

1. What terrible judgment came upon Nebuchadnezzar for his pride?
2. What warning was sent to Belshazzar? For what sins?
3. What were the warning words, and what their interpretation?

LESSON V.—Dan. vi., 10-23.

1. Tell the story of Daniel's trial and faithfulness?
2. In what way is he an example to us?
3. What is the final reason given for Daniel's deliverance?

LESSON VI.—Ezekiel xxxvii., 25-36.

1. What great promises did God give to his people in this chapter?
2. What are the conditions under which these promises can be fulfilled to us?

LESSON VII.—Ezekiel xxxvii., 1-14.

1. What remarkable vision was the prophet shown at this time?
2. What did this vision typify to the Jews?
3. What does it mean to those who are 'dead in sins.'?

LESSON VIII.—Ezek. xlvii., 1-12.

1. What was the effect of the broad flowing river on the land through which it passed?
2. What was the peculiarity of the trees which grew by this river? How did they resemble the tree of life? (Rev. xxii., 2.)

Blest river of salvation,
  Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation
  Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
  Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
  Proclaim, 'The Lord is come.'

—Smith.

LESSON IX.—Ezra i., 1-11.

1. What message did Cyrus proclaim throughout his Kingdom?
2. Who responded to the proclamation?
3. How long had the Israelites been in captivity?
4. What treasure did Cyrus give them to take back to Jerusalem?

LESSON X.—Ezra iii., 10 to iv., 5.

1. With what feelings did the Jews reach their native land, and lay the foundations of the temple?
2. The enemies of the Jews pretended to be the friends of God, was this possible? (I. John iv., 20.)
3. How did Zerubbabel answer the mixed races who wished to help build the Temple?
4. What effect had this on the people?

LESSON XI.—Haggai ii., 1-9.

1. For fifteen years the building operations had ceased, what message of cheer did God send to set his people at work on the temple again?
2. Who shakes the earth and the nations, and for what purposes?
3. How should the latter glory of the temple be so much greater than the former?

LESSON XII.—Zech. iv., 1-14.

1. What did Zechariah see in this vision beside the golden candlestick?
2. What was the word of the Lord to Zerubbabel?
3. What does this vision mean for us?

I love Thy church O God!
  Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
  And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall
  For her my prayers ascend
To her my cares and toils be given
  Till toils and cares shall end.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
  To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
  The brighter bliss of heaven.

—Dwight.

Suggested Hymns.

'Dare to be a Daniel,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Jerusalem the golden,' 'On the mountain's top appearing,' 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow,' 'Our God is able to deliver thee,' 'We are marching to Zion.'

Junior C. E.

Sept. 24.—Be contented; why? How? Phil. 4: 4-13.

C. E Topic.

Sept. 24.—Gideon's band. Judges 7: 1-23.

A True Teacher.

(By Mrs. M. A. Ehlers, in 'The Standard.')

When the disciples of Jesus can truthfully say, 'Thou knowest that I love thee,' he may receive the divine commission, 'Feed my sheep.' Paul charged the Ephesian elders to 'feed the church of God," and Jehovah declares: 'I will give you shepherds according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.' The patient labor involved in imparting spiritual nutriment will soon become irksome to one whose motive is less than love. Neither acuteness of intellect, nor wealth of oratory, can take the place of the supreme gift. Utterances that are not prompted by love will have the harshness of 'sounding brass' and a 'tinkling cymbal.'

In an address upon the Sabbath-school teacher, Mr. Robert Burdette has portrayed some characteristic features which are all too common. He says: 'Sometimes a teacher goes before his class with the remark: 'Hope you've studied the lesson, I've been so busy through the week, hardly had time to look at it;' as if a hostess should say, when seating her invited guests at table, 'Hope you've brought a few crackers or sandwiches with you, I've been too busy to prepare anything.' Others depend upon printed helps; they expect to use canned goods, but when the time comes to serve them, behold they haven't any can-opener. When, however, from necessity or emergency, one has not been able to make preparation for a particular lesson, if love be his motive, he may confidently expect to obtain help from God.

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco,)

CHAPTER XVI.—EFFECTS ON BOYS.

1. Q.—What class is most harmed by the use of tobacco?
A.—Growing boys and young men.
2. Q.—Why?
A.—A poison that injures a strong, full-grown man, acts much more powerfully upon the tender system of a growing boy.
3. What does the organ of the tobacco trade admit?
A.—'Few things could be more hurtful to boys, growing youth, and persons of unformed constitutions, than the use of tobacco in any form.'
4. Q.—What does Prof. Richard McSherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, say on this point?
A.—'The effect of tobacco on school boys is so marked as not to be open for discussion.'
5. Q.—How does smoking and chewing effect boys?
A.—The use almost always stunts their growth. Dog fanciers know this and often give tobacco by degrees to young dogs to make them very small when grown.
6. Q.—What other effect has tobacco on boys.
A.—It makes boys puny, weak, and cowardly. No boy who uses tobacco can expect to grow to be a strong, upright man.
7. Q.—What did a philosopher say who came to visit one of our large cities recently?
A.—'While the girls and young women are strong and wholesome looking, the boys and young men are stunted and puny, and if the young men do not stop using tobacco, the next generation will be a weakened and inferior race.'
8. Q.—Does tobacco always dwarf boys who use it?
A.—Almost always. Dr. R. T. Trall says that a large proportion of tobacco-using young men are dwarfed in body and mind.
9. Q.—Does the use of tobacco weaken the intellect?
A.—Yes, especially if a boy begins before his mind is formed.
It makes a man nervous and ambitionless.
It makes a boy almost imbecile in many cases and it does harm to all.
In Switzerland seventy out of every hundred young men are said to be unfitted by the use of alcohol and tobacco for the military service required by the government, and upon examination have been rejected on this account.
10. Q.—Is this all the harm the use of tobacco brings?
A.—By no means. One of the worst features is that it leads boys to drink alcoholic liquor in nine cases out of ten.
11. Q.—Is drinking sure to follow smoking?
A.—Yes. Smoking produces an unnatural thirst which water can not quench.
Cigars are sold at all liquor saloons. If a boy goes to buy cigars he is pretty sure to take one or more drinks before he leaves the saloon.
12. Q.—Does the use of tobacco lead to other vices?
A.—Yes, smoking, especially to a boy, is very expensive. The habit is a great drain on his purse.
He must have his cigars, and boys who have been honest in every other particular, have been known to steal cigars or the money to buy them with if a chance offered.
A father whom we know, has through excessive use of tobacco, entailed kleptomania upon his three sons.
The father is an honest, esteemed citizen, descending from a goodly line of ancestors; the mother is a most estimable woman; yet the sons will take tobacco wherever they can find it; and in case they do not come across it take something which will buy it. Read Ezekiel, 11th chapter, 21st verse.
13. Q.—What warning does the Dublin 'University Magazine' give to parents?
A.—'The mental power of many a boy is certainly weakened by smoking tobacco.
The brain under its influence can do less work, and the dreary feeling which is produced tends directly to idleness. For all

reasons it is desirable that our rising generation should be abstainers from tobacco.'

14. Q.—Will cigarette smokers make strong, well-developed, and handsome men?

A.—No. On the contrary they will be stunted in growth, weak in muscles and minds, and hardly the fit companions for women.

15. Q.—What is the condition of a boy who smokes cigarettes?

A.—It is truly one to be pitied, and we can hardly contemplate it without a feeling of horror.

16. Q.—What reliable record does Dr. H. V. Miller, of Syracuse, N.Y., furnish?

A.—A French physician investigated the effect of tobacco smoking upon thirty-eight boys between the ages of 9 and 15, who had formed this habit.

The result was, 19 showed marked symptoms of nicotine poisoning, serious derangement of the intellectual faculties, and a strong desire for alcoholic drinks; 3 had heart disease; 8 the blood was poor; 12 had frequent nose-bleed; 10 disturbed sleep; and 4 ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

17. Q.—Are there many persons engaged in the manufacture of cigarettes?

A.—Great manufactories employing thousands of men, boys, and women are yearly turning out millions of those death-dealing, drugged, and terribly destructive cigarettes.

Boys who have been honest in every other particular have been known to steal cigars or the money to buy them with, if a chance offered.

The Balham's Party.

'Mother, don't you think the Balhams are very nice people?'

Irene put this question anxiously, looking in her mother's face the while to see if she might discover her thoughts from her looks even before she answered.

Mrs. Wilson hesitated. 'Why do you ask?' she inquired.

'Oh, because—because they are going to have a party, and I know they'll ask me, and I'm afraid you won't let me go!'

'I don't wish to disappoint you, my dear, but that is the case. I should not wish you to become too intimate with the Balhams. Neither your father nor I care for them.'

'There,' cried Irene crossly, 'I knew you would say that! Fathers and mothers never do what people want!'

'If by people you mean yourself,' her mother replied quietly, 'it would be better for you not to set your heart on things you know your father and mother will not approve of. I am sorry you are put out, but I can't let you go to any party at the Balham's, and that is an end of it.'

Irene knew when her mother spoke in that tone there was no more to be said, so she marched sulkily out of the room, banging the door behind her. She was a nice girl in many ways, but taking a disappointment cheerfully was not one of her virtues. She chose to feel herself very badly treated, though she had already been to six parties since the beginning of the holidays, and shed many angry tears when the invitation came and was duly declined by her mother. The Balhams had only recently come to the village, but Dr. Wilson had had occasion to visit Mrs. Balham, who was said to be very delicate, frequently since their arrival. It was probable he had good reasons for his opinion of the new-comers, but Irene, who had struck up a violent friendship with Meta Balham at school, did not consider that. It was horrid of father not to let her go, she thought.

'It says in the Bible, "Judge not that ye be not judged." It's very uncharitable of him to talk so about the Balhams,' she reflected, and though she did not quite dare to air her sentiments, her disagreeable looks and manners the day of the party sufficiently showed what she was thinking.

That evening about nine o'clock she stole out by the back door and slipped down the lane to a spot from which she could catch a glimpse of the Balhams' windows. They were brilliantly lighted, and as she looked the shadows of the dancers within came and went across the blinds. Irene almost choked with her sense of hardship and injustice. All at once, as she gazed, a loud explosion broke on the night air, immediately followed by screams and groans. Terrified, Irene flew home to find as she got in by the back door her father hurriedly throwing on his coat, while her mother was handing him the things he wanted out of the surgery.

'That must do,' he said. 'Send the rest after me. I suppose it is that poor wretched woman again.'

'Oh, what has happened?' cried Irene trembling.

'A gas explosion at Heatherdale, and the man says ever so many people are hurt,' answered her mother, as the doctor hastened off.

'Oh, Mother!' cried Irene, bursting into tears.

'Go to bed, Irene, and be thankful you weren't there,' said Mrs. Wilson. 'To-morrow I will ask your father to tell you why we would not allow you to go. Everybody will know, I fear.'

When morning came Irene heard what she never forgot. Mrs. Balham was of most intemperate habits, the cause of her supposed delicacy being that alone, and the night before in the midst of the gaiety she had got out of bed, where she was supposed to be lying ill, blown out the gas, and gone into another room. Some hours later a servant found her, and, taking her back, essayed to light the gas, with the result that an explosion followed, shattering the furniture, terribly wounding Mrs. Balham and the maid, and causing slighter injuries to several other persons who happened to be near the room.

'It was not possible for your father to explain why we did not wish you to visit at Heatherdale,' concluded her mother. 'Doctors must keep the secrets of their patients, but the family are not such in their habits as we care for, and I think you might have trusted us, Irene.'

Girls, believe fathers and mothers know best.—'Adviser.'

A sad and startling disclosure has been made by a Parisian scientist, yet it is one that will hardly astonish either Christian or scientist, since both necessarily believe that the sins of the fathers may be and often are visited upon the children. Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drunkards, comes to this conclusion: 'There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunatics they show insensibility and pitilessness.' Here is a temperance lesson of unusual power for all to ponder.

Correspondence

Lower Jordan Bay, Aug. 7th, 1899.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time that I have written to the 'Northern Messenger,' and I hope that I will succeed in getting my letter printed in the 'Correspondence.' I take the 'Messenger' and enjoy reading the letters in the 'Correspondence' and also I like the 'Young Folks' page. I have to walk about a mile to school, but I do not mind as there are a great many scholars in the school, and a great many go up with me. I am in the seventh grade. I do not know who our teacher will be for the coming term. I live near the sea-shore, and see a number of ships and steamers in the summer. GLADYS F. (aged 10.)

Heathcote, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I live in the country. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I enjoy reading the 'Correspondence' in the 'Messenger' very much. I have one sister, and three brothers. Our school will soon be starting again. Our teacher's name is Mr. Petch. I wish some little girls to correspond with me.

LILLY CONN.

Somerville, N. J.

Dear Editor,—I read so many letters from little girls in your paper, that I thought I would write to you. I go to school and was promoted to the 5th grade in June. We have a little dog, and he barks very much at night, and his name is Frip. Our Sunday School is going on a excursion to-morrow, to Ocean Grove. This is the first time I have ever written to you. I will be ten years old Saturday. I have a little brother six years old, named Le Roy, and a big brother named Frank. Yours truly,

EDNA BELLE S.

St. Louis De Gonzaque.

Dear Editor,—A kind friend, sends us, the 'Messenger' which we all love. A Mr. Sutherland was here, and he gave us, a lecture, on 'What I saw in England, Ireland and Scotland.' It was very interesting. The story he told, which I liked best, was, about Jane Wilson, and her younger sister. People tried to persuade them to become Episcopalians, and when nothing could persuade them, they were taken to the river, and the elder was placed in the water. As it rose about her she strengthened her younger sister's faith by passages from the Bible. And then as the younger was put in she died trusting in her Saviour. And now the Scotch folk of Stirling have erected a monument, to the two sisters which represents them sitting together; the 'Book of Life' upon their knees, and a little lamb at their feet. A great three-cornered covring protects it from the elements. Sometime I may write again and tell you about the zoo, and beautiful Ireland. Yours truly

LOIS—McC.

P.S.—Has anyone got my name?

Avonton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from this part, so I thought I would write one. I live with my uncle in Downie, and I think it is a lovely place. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and like it very well. I go to school, and am in the 4th book. The drillers are at our place drilling a well. Your reader, J. C.

Meaford, Grey County.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the town of Meaford. I have two sisters and four brothers, but one sister is dead. I went to bed on November, the 19th, and I am in bed yet and cannot help myself. My father was fishing nine summers. I have taken the 'Messenger' since the New Year, and I like it very much. Yours truly,

WM. HOWARD D. (aged 15.)

Strathburn, Ont.

Dear Editr,—I like to read the 'Messenger,' especially the 'Correspondence.' I have never seen a letter that came from anyone I knew. I have a sister seven years old, and a brother one year old. My sister and I go to school; she is in the second book, and I am in the fourth book. We have a large brick school, with a veranda across the front. There are evergreens along two sides of the yard. It is a very lovely place. Our church is quite near the school. We attend Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. ANNIE C. (aged 10.)

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' for two years, and I enjoy reading it very much. The schools here have been closed for the holidays since 1st July, but will open again on Sept. 1st. Our only pet is a large black Newfoundland dog, but as I have four brothers and four sisters for play-mates, I do not need many pets. We had a black cat but while we were moving to another house we lost her, but the next day my brother found her at the house we had left, and brought her home in a bag, but as soon as she got home she jumped out of the bag and went back to her old home. I should like to correspond with some of the girls of my own age, who get the 'Messenger.' FLOSSIE D. (aged 13.)

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking for a long time about writing you a letter. We get the 'Northern Messenger' in Sunday School, and read the children's letters, but I have never seen any from Calgary, and I would like my Aunts and Uncle in Ontario to read mine. This is a very nice city, we have lived here over six years, and like it very much. A great many Indians come to the city on holidays or to trade their ponies or buffalo-horns or bead-work. They are the Black-foot Indians, and Sarcees, and sometimes the Stoneys come. They are dressed in bright-colored blankets and bare headed, and have a good deal of paint on their faces. I have a little King-Charles-Spaniel; we call him 'Venus' and brought him from the east with us. He plays hide and seek with me. I would like to tell you something about Banff, our National Park, and the Buffalo, and the fun we have bathing in the hot sulphur water, and they quantities of wild flowers that grow every-where; but I'm afraid my letter is already too long. Your little friend,

LETHA T. (aged 10.)

HOUSEHOLD.

A Place For the Boys.

'And what if their feet,
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should stop round the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright,
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say, 'Here's a place for the boys!'

'Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make our round hearthstone a place for the boys?

'There's a place for the boys They will find it somewhere;
And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,
Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price,
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs.
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.'

—Ellen A Wallace, M. D. in 'The Westminister.'

Women and a Bank Account.

(By Constance Conrad, in 'Christian Work.')

The wife and daughter in a sheltered home, in this age of progress and growing knowledge in the woman's world, are almost if not quite as ignorant of all business concerns as their grandmothers of a century ago. This is not only true in the case of the direct earning of money, but also in the care and management of it. To most women, everything connected with a financial transaction seems to be enveloped in mystery, and a bank is the most mysterious of places.

It has been said that where a husband and father is loving and generous there is no need for wife or daughter to have a separate bank account, and where he is mean and penurious a bank book will not help matters. And again, it is urged that where the family funds do not allow more than one bank account, the head of the family, as money earner and dispenser, should be the one to hold it

There is a measure of truth in all this, if to it could be added the absolute guarantee that the need for knowledge and experience would never befall these favored women. But instead of such a guarantee, these times of need are sure to come, and come when the brain is tired and the heart heavy, when there is no one except a stranger to give what is much more than simple information to such women. It is a long and hard lesson, to be learned little by little, with many mistakes and much seeming dullness, and perhaps a heavy price for experience.

'What should we have done,' said a wife to a convalescent husband, after six weeks of weary sickness and delirium, 'if the money in the house had given out?' 'You could have stepped right down to the F—— Bank. I have an account there,' he answered. How simple it sounded; but neither that man's intelligent wife, or well educated daughters, had the remotest idea how to draw the money they needed, though there was a large sum credited to the husband and father in the bank mentioned.

Sometimes the case is more serious. The illness may not end in recovery; or accident, or sudden death, may precipitate the call for knowledge. There are generally friends who may be inquired of, the family lawyer or business partner is ready and willing to aid; but what a maze of ignorance and care to throw into these already hard times! How far from pleasant to hear from strange lips the personal affairs of one who was nearest and dearest to you. How infinitely easier to have learned these lessons, bit by bit, practicing, if possible, as you learned, from the lips that would be most patient in teaching, and your wisest instructor.

So many of the mistakes made are so simple, and so easily remedied if one only knew; but to many women the relation of the bank to their funds is no clearer than to the old Irish woman who had one hundred dollars placed to her credit by a grateful employer. She was given a check-book, and told she could draw small sums as she needed them. Her pleasure increased with each check made out, until the hundred dollars was gone; then she presented another with the same assurance as of yore. When told she had drawn all her money, and could have no more, she was extremely angry, and spoke fluently to the paying teller. 'Ye shall gi' me more o' me money,' she said. 'Oi have mony a bit of paper left in me book.'

A Simple Remedy.

Among the simple remedies which should be in the family medicine closet, one of the most useful is mutton suet. For cuts and bruises it is unequalled, as well as for chapped hands and faces. It is best to procure the suet at the butcher's and fry it out at home, turning it into small moulds to cool, and then roll it in tin foil. A camphor ice may be made by putting a piece of camphor gum the size of a walnut with half a cup of mutton tallow, and melting them together. Pour the mixture into a little cup or mould to become cold.

Recipes.

From various sources come the following recipes:—

Sponge Cake.—Beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, then place them together and beat again. Sift in one and a half cupfuls of sugar; the same of flour, to which has been added and sifted together one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add the seasoning and half a teaspoonful of salt, and stir well together; after which add half a cupful of boiling water. Bake in one loaf in a buttered tin three-fourths of an hour. To be cut when cold.

Rice Muffins.—One cupful of freshly boiled rice, one cupful of sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and flour enough to make a batter. Beat hard, and add the baking powder last. Bake in muffin rings.

Walnuts and butternuts make a most delicious salad. Break the nut meat in pieces and mix them with double the quantity of crisp celery cut into bits. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Stuffed Apples.—Select as many apples as required, being careful to have them of the same size. With a long, slim knife take out the core. Prepare a filling of grated bread-crumbs, a small lump of butter, sugar to taste and a little cinnamon or nutmeg. Rub all well together fill the hollow in the apples with it, set them in a hot oven and let them bake until done.

Southern Rice Bread.—Put two cupfuls of boiled rice into a bowl, add two cupfuls of milk and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Sift in gradually one cupful of flour, and half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter (melted) and the whites of the eggs, whipped to a stiff froth. Turn into a well-greased shallow pan and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'